

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling Letters."

(Continued from page 346).

ROME, Feb. 22, 1831.

A thousand thanks for your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday, on my return from Tivoli. I cannot tell you, dear Fanny, how much I am pleased with the plan of the new Sunday music; it is a brilliant suggestion, and I beg you for heaven's sake, do not let it go to sleep again, but much rather give your travelling brother a commission to write something new for you. The man will gladly do that, for he takes really too much delight in you and your idea. You must let him know what sort of voices you have; must draw these, your subjects, into counsel as to what they would like to have (for the people has rights, O Fanny!); and especially I think it might be well occasionally to lay before them something right easy, appreciable and agreeable,—the Litany of Sebastian Bach for example!—seriously however I mean the "Shepherd of Israel," or the *Dixit Dominus* of Handel, or something of that sort. And will you not also now and then play something to the people? That, I should think, could do no harm to you or them. They must take a breathing spell, and you must study the piano; then it would be a vocal and instrumental Concert. I wish, though, that I might listen, and pay you my compliments afterwards. Be prudent and mild, and do not tax yourself too severely; nor the voices of the people either; do not be worried, if it sounds bad; give thy thoughts no tongue; do not beware of entrance to Handel; but being in, bear it that whoever misses may beware of thee; finally, take care that the singers do not get tired of it—this above all. Thy thee loving Polonus.

One piece probably already owes its origin to these Sunday music parties. That is to say, when you wrote to me about them lately, I thought whether I could not send you something for them, and then a favorite old plan of mine came up again, but spread itself out to such a breadth, that I can give E \* \* \* nothing of it to take with him, and so must send it later. Hear and be amazed! Since I was in Vienna I have half composed "The first Walpurgis night" of Goethe, but have had no courage to write it out. Now the thing has taken shape, but has become a great Cantata with full orchestra, and can make itself quite lively; for in the beginning there are Spring songs and the like;—then, when the watchmen make an uproar with their forks and prongs and owls, comes in the hobgoblin business also, and you know I have an especial weakness for that sort of thing; then come out the sacrificing Druids in C major with trombones; then again the watchmen, who are frightened, where I will bring in a tripping, mysterious chorus; and finally at the close the full sacrificial song—do you not think, that may be a new sort of Cantata? I do not need an instrumental in-

troduction, and the whole is animated enough. It will, I think, soon be finished. Altogether, composition goes on briskly again now. The Italian Symphony makes great progress; it will be the liveliest piece that I have made, especially the last movement: for the Adagio I have nothing yet decided, and believe I will reserve that for Naples. "Verleih uns Frieden" (Grant us peace) is ready, and "Wir glauben all" (We all believe) will be in a day or two; only I cannot fairly get hold yet of the Scotch Symphony; should I have in these times a good suggestion, I will set about it immediately, and write it quickly down and end it. Your

FELIX.

Rome, March 1, 1831.

While I write the date, I am sad to think how the time flies. Ere the month is finished, Holy Week begins, and after Holy Week I shall have been as long as possible in Rome. Now I reflect whether the time has been rightly used, and I find myself remiss in all corners. If I only could take hold here of one of the two symphonies! The Italian one I will and must reserve until I have seen Naples, for that must play its part in it; but the other one too runs away, the nearer I try to come to it; and the nearer the end of this Roman, tranquil time approaches, the more embarrassed I become, and the less will it go. I feel as if it will be a long time before I come again to such comfortable writing as here, and therefore I should like to get everything done. But it is no use; only the "Walpurgis Night" progresses rapidly, and will soon, I hope, be ended.

Then again I wish to sketch now every day, so that I may take away with me the places which I would remember; and I have much to see yet, and I already know how this month, too, will suddenly come to an end, and I shall fail again. And verily it is too uniquely beautiful here! To be sure, things are much changed, and there is not the variety and gaiety that there was earlier; \* nearly all my acquaintances have gone away; the streets and promenades are empty; the galleries are closed, and it is impossible to get in. News from abroad fails us almost entirely (for we first learned here the details about Bologna through the *Allgemeine Zeitung*); people come together little or not at all; all has become still; but for that very reason again it is so beautiful, and the mild, warm air is never now withdrawn from us.

Most to be pitied in these circumstances are the Vernet ladies, who are in a disagreeable position. The hatred of the whole Roman people is singularly directed against the French *pensionnaires*, of whom they believe that they alone would easily bring about a revolution. Vernet has several times received anonymous threatening letters; indeed he has found before his atelier an armed Trasteverino, who took to flight when Vernet brought his musket; and as the ladies

\* Revolutionary outbreaks had occurred meanwhile in the Pontifical States, particularly in Bologna.

are entirely cut off and isolated at the Villa, there is naturally great anxiety in the family. In the meantime all has remained safe and quiet in the city, and I am fully convinced, that there is more in it than one can see. But the German painters are actually more pitiable than I can tell. Not only have they shaven off their beards, mustachios and whiskers, openly confessing that, when the danger is over, they will let them grow again; but the long, stout fellows go home at nightfall, shut themselves in, and nurse their fears there all alone. Then they call Horace Vernet a braggart, and it is indeed quite another thing with him and with these pitiful creatures; through these events they have grown really intolerable to me.

Latterly I have been again somewhat in the more modern ateliers. Thorwaldsen has just finished in clay a statue of Lord Byron; he is seated upon old ruins, with his feet upon the capital of a column, and looks off as if on the point of writing something on the tablet which he holds in his hand. He has represented him, not in the Roman, but the simplest costume of the present day, and I find that it is very good and does not disturb the impression. The whole has that natural movement, which is so wonderful in all his statues, and yet he looks gloomy and elegiac enough, and not at all affected. Of the procession of Alexander I should have to write a whole letter; for never has sculpture made such an impression on me, as that has. I go every week, and only look at that, and march with the rest there into Babylon. I was recently at A's. He has brought with him splendid pencil sketches from Naples and Sicily, and I should like to learn something from him; but I fear he is a strong exaggerator and never draws quite true. His Coliseum landscape at H.V.'s is a beautiful romance; in the actual scene I have found nothing of those dense groves of cypresses and orange-trees, those fountains and bushes in the middle ground extending back to the ruin. His mustachio too has vanished.

Something merry now for a conclusion. How I wish that you, O Fanny, could have heard, as a counterpart to your Sunday musical parties, the music which we lately practised here on Sunday evening. They wanted to sing Marcello's Psalms, because the fast days still continue, and so the best dilettanti were assembled; a Papal singer in the middle; a *maestro* at the piano, and we sang. If a soprano solo occurred, all the ladies pressed forward, every one wanted to sing it, and so it was performed *tutti*. The tenor by my side never hit a note correctly, and wandered in uncertain regions to and fro. If I came in with the second tenor, he would fall into my pitch; and if I sought to help him, he would think it was my other part, and stick fast to his own. The papal singer now helped the sopranos with his *falsecetto*, now came in as first bass, now quacked the alto, and when all was of no avail, smiled sadly over to me, and we exchanged stolen winks. With all his helping the *mäestro* often

lost his thread himself, and got a bar ahead or behind, and then we fell into anarchy, each singing as he pleased and what he pleased. Suddenly there came a serious passage for the basses alone; they all set in properly, but in the second bar burst into loud laughter; the rest of us joined in, and so the thing ended in a joke. The people, who had come to listen, at first applauded loudly, then went out and dispersed. Eynard came in, heard our music, made a grimace, and was not seen again.

So may you all fare well and be happy and well and glad.

FELIX.

(To be continued.)

#### Twenty-six Letters of Joseph Haydn.

(Continued from page 322.)

##### 8.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated at his house in Vienna,

February 8, 1790.

Flattering as was your invitation yesterday, for me to spend this last evening at your house—equally painful to-day is it to find myself unable to thank you in person for all your kindness. Great as my regret is for this, equally great is my wish for your Grace's utmost possible enjoyment, not only this evening but for ever and ever. Mine is past—for to-morrow I return to my gloomy solitude! God grant me only health—I fear the reverse to-day. I am far from being well.

God preserve your Grace, your dear husband and your lovely children. Again I kiss your hand, and so long as I live remain unchangeably

Your Grace's, &c., &c.

##### 9.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated Estoras, Feb. 9, 1790.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now—here I sit in my solitude—deserted—like a poor orphan—almost cut off from human society—melancholy—full of recollections of noble days that are past—Yes, alas!—past—and who knows when those happy days will return again? Those delightful social gatherings, where all were of one heart and one soul, all those delicious musical evenings—which are only to be imagined, not described—where are all those sources of inspiration? Gone are they—and gone for a long, long time!

Let not your Grace wonder that I have so long delayed in writing my thanks. At home I found everything in disorder. For there I knew not whether I was chapel master or chapel footman. There was nothing to comfort me—my house all in disorder—my pianoforte, usually the object of my love, was inconstant, disobedient—it rather excited me to wrath than soothed me to calmness—I could sleep but by snatches—my very dreams persecuted me—for as in my dreams I listened all delightedly to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the abominable North wind waked me and almost blew off my night cap. In three days I lost some 20 pounds, for while yet on the way hither all traces of the nice Vienna morsels disappeared. Yes, yes, thought I, as, in the eating house, instead of the juicy boiled beef, I had to chew upon a fifty-year-old cow—instead of a ragout with small dumplings, a piece of an old sheep with yellow cucumbers—instead of a Bohemian pheasant, a piece of fried beef like leather—instead of delicious oranges a dschab or so-called coarse salad—instead of pastry, sliced dried

apples, baselnuts, &c.,—yes, yes, thought I to myself, if I only had now many a bit for which I could find no room in Vienna! Here in Estoras I am never asked "will you take chocolate with or without milk? What shall I offer you, dearest Haydn? Will you have a vanilla or a pineapple ice?" If I only had a bit of good Parmesan cheese, now, especially during Lent, to carry down the black dumplings and home-made macaroni a little easier! I gave orders to-day to the porter to send me down a few pounds.

Forgive me, best and most gracious of women, that in this my first letter I wear away the time with such a mess of wretched nonsense—pardon it in a poor fellow, whom the Viennese have spoiled by kindness. I am beginning, however, by degrees to accustom myself once more to country life. Yesterday, for the first time, I set myself again to study, and reasonably Haydnish.

Your Grace has doubtless been more industrious than I. The pleasing Adagio from the Quartet has already, I hope, attained its true expression under your beautiful fingers. I hope my good friend, fraulein Peperl, will never forget her master in singing the Cantata, especially in the matters of a clear enunciation of the words and careful vocalization—for it would be a sin to allow so fine a voice to be shut up in the breast. I pray you give her often an encouraging smile or I shall certainly suspect something is wrong. I command myself also to Monsieur François,\* whose musical talent is such, that even when he sings in his nightgown, it is always good. I shall encourage him by often sending him something new. Meantime I kiss your hands again for all your kindness, and am—&c., &c.

##### 10.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Dated, Estoras, March, 14, 1790.

\* \* \* \* \*

I beg your Grace's pardon a million times for being so tardy in answering two such pleasing letters. It has not been from neglect (against which sin Heaven will protect me so long as I live), but to the multitude of duties which devolve upon me in the present melancholy condition of my most gracious prince. The death of his wife has so weighed upon his spirits, that we are forced to lay out all our strength in the effort to arouse him from his forlorn condition. The first three days I therefore arranged grand chamber music with nothing vocal. The poor Prince, however, fell into so deep a melancholy in listening to the first piece—my favorite Adagio in D—that it was a task indeed to bring him out of it by other pieces.

On the fourth day we gave an Opera, on the fifth a comedy and so at last the daily spectacle—at the same time putting the old opera of Gassman, "*L'Amor artigiano*," in rehearsal, because he has said not long since, he should like to see it. I wrote three new airs to it, which I shall send, your Grace, very soon—not for their beauty, but as a proof of my industry.

The new Symphony promised your Grace, you will receive in April in season to be produced in von Kees's concerts.

Meantime I kiss your Grace's hands for the biscuits, which came to hand last Tuesday. They reached me just as I had swallowed the last morsel of the previous lot.

That my dear Arianne has met with applause

\*Franz, eldest son—Peperl (Joseph), eldest daughter of Mad. Geuzinger.

in the Schottenhof, enchanting me; only I recommend to fraulein Peperl to speak the words distinctly, especially these: "*chi tanto amai.*" I am so bold as to wish you on your approaching name day all imaginable good and to pray to you to continue me in your grace and to accept me still at every opportunity as your unworthy master. I take the liberty at the same time of adding that the teacher of languages can come hither any day—the cost of the journey will be repaid him here. He can come down by diligence or by another conveyance of which he can hear daily by enquiring at the Maschakerhof inn.

I will send back the biscuit box on the first opportunity.

As I am convinced that your Grace sympathizes with me in all my concerns (which I am far from meriting) I will inform you that last week I received an extremely pretty gold snuffbox 34 ducats in weight, as a present from Prince Oetting von Wallerstein, with an invitation to visit him this season at his expense—his highness having a strong desire to know me personally (a pleasant encouragement to my weak spirit).—Whether I shall get up resolution enough to undertake this journey is another question.

And now I pray you, excuse this hasty letter and believe me, &c., &c.

P. S.—My compliments to Herr Geuzinger, &c.

I have lost my honest and faithful coachman, who died on the 25th of the last month.

##### 11.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Estoras, May 18, 1790.

\* \* \* \* \*

With astonishment I read your dear letter, at seeing in it your Grace had not received my last missive, in which I wrote that our landlord had accepted a stranger who had happened to come to Estoras as teacher of French, upon which I immediately wrote my apologies both to your Grace and to your family tutor. Most estimable patroness—this is not the first time, that letters of mine and several other persons have been lost; for our mail bag is always opened on the way at Oedenburg (where letters posted there are added to ours) by the house master; hence mistakes and other unpleasant mishaps have often occurred there. However, to be safe for the future and to defeat such shameless curiosity, I shall enclose all my letters in an extra envelope addressed to Herr Portier Pointner. This affair troubles me so much the more, as it has given your Grace occasion to chide me for an instance of neglect, against which Heaven preserve me! But as to this or these curious persons, there was nothing in the last, nor in fact any of the letters, which was not perfectly innocent in all respects. But now, most estimable Patroness, when shall I have the priceless pleasure of seeing your Grace in Estoras? As my duties do not allow me to come to Vienna, I comfort myself with the idea of kissing your Grace's hands this summer here, in which flattering hope I am, &c., &c.

##### 12.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Estoras, May 30, 1790.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I received your Grace's last estimable communication, I had just been in Oedenburg making inquiries for the lost letter. The house-master there swore by all that is holy, that he at that time had seen no letter in my hand writing;

hence it must have been lost here in Estoras! Be this now as it may. Scandal has not found the least foundation for a hint against me, far less against your Grace, since the entire contents of my letter were devoted in part to my opera, *La vera Constanza*, which was given in the new Theatre in the Landstrasse, and in part to the French teacher, who at the time was expected in Estoras. Your Grace can therefore be perfectly free from anxiety, not only in relation to the past but for the future; for my friendship and esteem for your Grace (tender as they are) will never go too far,—having at all times before my eyes the respect due to the sublime virtues of your Grace—virtues which not I alone, but all persons who know your Grace must admire. Let not your Grace then be discouraged from comforting me occasionally with your delightful letters—which are most necessary to me in my solitude to the cheering of my oftentimes deeply depressed spirits. Oh, if I could only be with your Grace one quarter of an hour to pour out my disappointments and troubles and to inhale new life from your Grace's sympathy. Under the present management of affairs, I am exposed to many annoyances, which here I must bear in silence. The only remaining comfort is that, praise God, I am in health and take delight in constant activity. Only I am sorry that, in spite of this pleasure in my work, your Grace must wait so long for the promised symphony. This time however the cause is a certain necessity, which my circumstances and the present rise in prices has occasioned. Your Grace must not however be angry on this account with your Haydn, who, however often the Prince absents himself from Estoras, can never obtain permission to go for 24 hours to Vienna. It is hardly credible, and yet the refusal is always made in the most delicate manner, in fact, so as to put it out of my power to press the matter.

Well, in God's name! This period will pass away, and another time come, when I shall enjoy the inestimable delight of again sitting by your Grace at the pianoforte, and listening to Mozart's masterpieces, and of kissing your hands for so many favors.

In this hope I am, &c., &c.

### 13.—*Haydn to Mad. Geuzinger.*

Estoras, June 6, 1790.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am heartily concerned that your Grace received my last letter so late; but no Hussar left Estoras last week. It was not my fault, that the letter was so long in reaching you.

*Between us!* I allow your Grace to know that our Mademoiselle Nanette has given me an order to compose a new pianoforte sonata for your Grace, which however must fall into no other hands. I consider myself very happy in receiving such an order. The sonata will reach your Grace at the farthest in 14 days. The above-mentioned Mademoiselle offered to pay me for the work, but your Grace can easily imagine that I shall at all times refuse such an offer. For me the highest reward will always be to hear that I have earned some degree of applause; meantime I am with highest respect, &c., &c.

(To be continued.)

BRESLAU.—Carl Reinecke produced here a new pianoforte Concerto of his own composition on the 21st.

Translated for this Journal.

### Franz Schubert.

#### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISSE.

(Continued from page 346.)

How great a loss Art has suffered by the early death of Schubert, can be better judged by the present generation, than it could be by his contemporaries. For if the singer now perhaps is wanting, who could identify himself with the very spirit of Schubert's song, and achieve such extraordinary success with it, as Vogl did, yet on the other hand the present musical public, apart from the general progress in culture, enjoys the decided advantage of having learned to know and to appreciate the many-sided activity of the artist, in consequence of the gradual publication and performance of many works of his still unknown at the time of his death, or else somehow inexplicably consigned to oblivion, especially his instrumental compositions; and so they have been placed in a position to form to themselves an image of the whole man.

Whoever has fairly taken in the most important works of Schubert, must say without hesitation, that a master of the first rank, at least in one relation, stands before him.

Franz Schubert belongs to that stately series of composers with whom the German nation, and only this by reason of its indwelling depth and universality of mind, from the first half of the last century to the present day, has never ceased to endow the world; and every single one of whom has achieved such eminence in one branch of the various provinces of music, that his creations could not be replaced by those of the rest in the same department.

In Handel's works, and in those of Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Schumann, all the kinds of music thus far known, the song not excepted, are found nobly represented; but while these carried the different forms of so-called sacred music, and then the Opera, the Symphony, &c., to the acme of beauty and sublimity, it was reserved to Franz Schubert in the comparatively smaller frame of the song to surpass them all, and lend complete expression to the German spiritual and mental life, through all its innumerable and wonderful shades, from the bright dancing melody of the "Son of the Muses," and the Idyl of the "Miller" songs, to the dark, complaining tone of the "Hurdy-gurdy man" and the Ossianic battle and cloud pictures.

In the song he became the central point for the whole modern development of this kind of music, which also reached its first culmination through him.

From the old stand-point of song writing, before him, only the general mood of feeling contained in the poem was reproduced, without any shading of expression in the detail. But now suddenly a dramatic element, before unknown, came out, which was calculated to lend individual significance, and thereby enhance the brilliancy and blending of color, to the single parts of the poem. The union of noble words with noble melodies, the intimate interpenetration of the music and the poem was, to the joy and astonishment of the friends of true Art, accomplished in the happiest manner; and the Song, heretofore moving only in the simplest form, soon raised itself to one of the most important genera of Art of modern times,—one which has served the deeper German life of feeling as a limited indeed, but always trustworthy place of refuge, when it has had to turn away unsatisfied and out of humor from the public musical doings.

During his lifetime he was especially known and valued only as a song composer, and even there within a narrower range than afterwards. Of his piano-forte compositions for a long time only a small

part were known; his other instrumental works became known still later, and not always in his native city first. He has tried his hand in nearly all the forms of music. Besides about 600 songs, he wrote operas, overtures, symphonies, masses, trios, quartets and quintets, a grand octet, choruses, cantatas, offertories and graduals, two *Stabat Matres* and *Hallelujahs*, vocal quartets, Italian arias and a multitude of two and four-hand, great and little piano pieces, such as: Sonatas, variations, fantasias, rondos, impromptus, *Moments musicaux*, *divertissements*, dances and marches, all more or less full of beauties and fine interesting traits.

When we consider the astonishing multitude of Schubert's published works alone, we are convinced that their creator, whom death surprised in his thirty-second year, must have wrought with as great facility as restless activity; and his compositions are not sparing of notes.

In fact Schubert was uncommonly fruitful and industrious, and one may well say, that he has faithfully and honestly improved the talent entrusted to him.

As a general rule he began his day's work\* in the forenoon hours, and continued it uninterruptedly until dinner time; then his whole being was absorbed in music. He often felt himself affected by his compositions, and eye-witnesses assure us, they could gather from his shining eye and altered speech, how mightily it wrought within him.

The remainder of the day was given just as regularly to social enjoyment; in the fine season of the year to excursions into the country, in the company of friends; and sometimes it happened, when he felt well with them and could not bear to part from beautiful Nature, that an accepted invitation for the evening was thrown to the winds; this led to embarrassments, it is true, but they did not trouble him long. But certainly it needed but the least excitement, after his work was over, to wake his never resting soul again; the charming Serenade of Shakespeare ("Hark, hark, the lark") was composed on such a pleasure party in a tavern, put upon paper, and, the fit occasion offering, was sung at sight from the sheet.

"If," says Robert Schumann, "fruitless be a main mark of genius, then Schubert is one of the greatest. He would by degrees perhaps have set the entire German literature to music; and if Telemann requires that a regular composer should be able to compose the entrance ticket given at the city gate, he might have found his man in Schubert. Wherever he inclined, music gushed forth; *Æschylus*, *Klopstock*, so coy to composition, yielded under his hands, just as from the light measures of W. Müller and others he had won their deepest strings."

(To be continued.)

\* Schubert can only be called laborious in the sense, that, restlessly creating from himself, he sought to fix the fullness of his thoughts on paper. For what in ordinary life is called labor, and especially for all mechanical labor he had no liking; and this together with his none too regular way of life, which prevented him from appearing with the desired punctuality at the hours of rehearsal, was probably the reason why he could not long retain his function as *Correpetitor* at the Kärnthnerthor theatre.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

### Life and Labors of Vincent Novello.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 347.)

Among the distinguished literary friends whom the Novelles had the pleasure to assemble in their small drawing-room at 240 Oxford Street, may be named Charles and Mary Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coulson, Charles Cowden Clarke, Henry Robertson, and John Byng Gattie. The two last are named here, not so much for their publicly-known attainments, as for their consociation with the subject of the present biographical sketch, in the sonnet which Leigh Hunt addressed,

To HENRY ROBERTSON, JOHN GATTIE, and VINCENT NOVELLO, not keeping their appointed hour.

Harry, my friend, who full of tasteful glee  
Have music all about you, heart and lips;  
And John, whose voice is like a rill that slips  
Over the sunny pebbles breathingly;  
And Vincent, you, who with like mastery  
Can chance the notes with fluttering finger-tips,  
Like fairies down a hill hurrying their trips,  
Or sweep the organ with fiery royalty.  
Why stop ye on the road? The day 'tis true,  
Shows us as in a diamond all things clear,  
And makes the hill-surmounting eye rejoice,  
Dochling the earthly green, the heavenly blue;  
But come, complete the charm of such a sphere,  
And give the beauty of the day a voice.

No apology need be offered for quoting the above, which in its italicized lines so accurately as well as poetically characterises the excellence of Vincent Novello's playing. As affording a graphic picture of the friendly ease which distinguished the meetings in the little drawing-room, a passage from Charles Lamb's delightful *Elia* essay, called a "Chapter on ears," may also be subjoined:—

\* \* \* "Something like this scene-turning I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend, Nov—, who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.\* When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side-aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, wakening a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension,—whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquirer by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

—rapt above earth,  
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Ariots, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant tritons, Bach, Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end; clouds of frankincense oppress me—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant,—at once *malus hereticorum*, and myself grand Heresiarch; or three heresies centre in my person; I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not!—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine untroubling aspects of my pleasant countenanced host and hostess."

Truly a pleasant sight was that same drawing-room at 240, Oxford Street, when poets, artists, and musicians, friends of the master of the house, met in kindly, lively converse. The walls simply colored of a delicate rose tint, and hung with a few choice water-color drawings by Varley, Copley Fielding, Havell, and Cristallo (who were also personally known to Vincent Novello); the floor covered with a plain grey drapery bordered by a tastefully-designed garland of vine-leaves, drawn and embroidered by Mrs. Novello; towards the centre of the room a sofa-table strewn with books and prints; and at one end, a fine-toned chamber-organ, on which the host preluded and played to his listening friends, when they would have him give them "such delights, and spare to interpose them oft" between the pauses of their animated conversation. Keats, with his picturesque head, leaning against the instrument, one foot raised on his knee and smoothed beneath his hands; Leigh Hunt, with his jet-black hair and expressive mouth; Shelley, with his poet's eyes and brown curls; Lamb, with his spare figure and earnest face; all seen by the glow and warmth and brightness of candle-light, when the young musician and his friends assembled in that ostentatious informal fashion which

\* I have been there, and still would go;  
Tis like a little heaven below.—Dr. Watts.

gave zest to professional social intercourse at the then period.

(To be continued.)

### Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

BY J. W. DAVISON.

(Concluded from page 350.)

The second part of the oratorio commences with an air for soprano, "Hear ye, Israel," in two movements, the first in the minor, the second in the major key of B. In the first the style of the music, as well as of the words, is one of tender expostulation, as though, while chastising to chaste, the Almighty felt compassion for the weakness of His creatures, and expressed it through the mouth of an angel. The second movement, "Thus saith the Lord," in a vigorous and lofty tone, sets forth the Divine promise to maintain and help the faithful under all circumstances. A world of eulogy has been lavished on this fine song, to which we need add nothing but a tribute to the judgment exhibited by Mendelssohn in placing it where it stands. Doubtless he was aware that no chorus, however grand, could come immediately after "Thanks be to God." But that was not all; the way in which "Be not afraid" is introduced, seems to be a sort of amends for the absence of a chorus at the beginning. This long and elaborately developed piece enlarges on the sentiments of hope and encouragement expressed in the song, which it succeeds by a bold and unexpected transition from the key of B to that of G. The same transition is repeated whenever the principal theme is resumed, and with especial effect after the impassioned episode in E minor, "Thongh thousands languish."

A scene of considerable importance in the progress of the oratorio ensues. Elijah again taxes Ahab with idolatry, and again threatens him with a manifestation of Divine wrath. This is conveyed in one of the grandest of all the recitatives, at the end of which occurs a point calculated to impress even those wholly uninitiated in the musical art with a sense of its eloquence and beauty. We allude to the very striking passage, "And the Lord shall smite all Israel, as a reed is shaken in the water." Mendelssohn rarely condescends to a direct imitation of the picture suggested by sentences to be declaimed or sung—to "word painting," as it is termed; by no means so often as Handel, for example; but when he does, it is invariably with a result so successful that the gravest criticism holds him justified. The idea of the "reed shaken in the water" was evidently as tempting to Mendelssohn as the floods standing "upright as an heap," to Handel. The *tremolo* for the stringed instruments, with the voice of the Prophet—uttering his denunciation, in solemn phrases—beneath, produces an effect wholly apart from anything either Mendelssohn or any other master has written. The hearer will find attention to this passage well repaid by the interest and admiration it is sure to excite.

A new agent now appears in the shape of Jezebel, Ahab's wicked queen, who reveals herself to the people, and narrating, one by one, the presumed offences of the Prophet, exasperates her hearers to the utmost pitch of fury, until they resolve upon Elijah's destruction. This is presented in a series of recitatives for the queen, with brief choral responses for the people; the whole terminating with a chorus (in A minor)—"Woe to him, he shall perish." The musical expression is throughout most vivid. The progressive influence of the words of Jezebel—the low tones in which, answering her query, "Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?" the people murmur "We heard it with our ears," and then, like distant thunder rapidly approaching, swell out into the ejaculation "He shall perish!" the increasing emphasis of the queen, at each step in the accusation, echoed by the cries of the people, who become more and more incensed as she proceeds, until her energetic admonition—"Seize Elijah, and do unto him as he has done!"—is caught and developed in the chorus named above—are one and all conveyed with masterly skill. The interest grows deeper and deeper until the culminating point is attained, and the rage of the infuriated multitude is depicted in the chorus—at first incoherently, voices echoing voices on the words, "Woe to him!"—then bursting forth with unanimous vehemence in the exclamation, "He shall perish!" The passage in unison—"So go ye forth, seize on him, he shall die"—brings this scene to an end just at the moment when astonishment at the genius of the composer has reached its height.

Obadiah then, in a recitative full of promise and consolation, ending with an exquisitely melodious phrase to the words, "The Lord thy God doth go with thee," warns the Prophet to seek safety in the

wilderness. Elijah obeys; but strength deserts him; his spirits are exhausted, and he longs for death. This is revealed in an air of infinite pathos, "It is enough, O Lord" (in F sharp minor,) where may be remarked the admirable employment of the violoncellos, which share the melody with Elijah, as though they were the voices of unseen spirits, sympathizing with his anguish and distress. In the second part the movement changes from slow to quick; and in the exclamation, "I have been very jealous for the Lord of Hosts," the Prophet for a time forgets his grief in the holiness and dignity of his mission. He soon, however, relapses into the strain of despondency with which the air sets out.\* But angels hover near, and encourage him with words of comfort. They bid him look towards the mountain, whence the Lord will come to help him; reproach him for sinking beneath the weight of his affliction, and cite God's own sleepless watchfulness over Israel as an example for emulation.

All the above is comprised in a tenor recitative, "See how he sleepeth under a juniper tree;" an unaccompanied trio for female voices (in D),† "Lift thine eyes to the mountains;" and a chorus (in D), "He, watching over Israel." The recitative is soft and appealing; the trio simple, unaffected, and beautiful. Nothing can be more exquisite—"angelic" we might say, without hyperbole—than the effect of the three female voices in such a place. The audience are impressed with all that it is intended to impress upon the Prophet, and, like him, are fortified and consoled. "He, watching over Israel," should never be separated from the trio, of which it is only the development.‡ This chorus is beautiful beyond the power of language to convey. Melody never assumed a more enticing shape; harmony never clothed it with greater purity. The orchestral accompaniments, too, are transparent—undulating as ripples on the surface of a gentle lake. Better than all this, however—which might be said of abstract music without reference to any particular text—"He, watching over Israel" expresses to perfection the sentiments that, proceeding from the lips of heavenly messengers, inspire the favored minister of Almighty God with new strength, fervor, and holy resignation.

The music now assumes a graver character. The end of the Prophet's mission is at hand; but still there remains something for him to do. An angel directs his steps to Horob, the mount of God, which is distant a journey of forty days and nights. The injunction is embodied in a contralto recitative, "Arise, Elijah;" to which the Prophet retorts that his toil has been in vain, adding an entreaty that the Lord will manifest himself. The angel preaches patience and submission, in an air, "O rest in the Lord." The introduction of this air at the end of Elijah's recitative is a masterstroke. The recitative, when Elijah has expressed a wish to be released by death from further suffering, terminates on a long-sustained note, B (dominant of E minor), which rising a semi-tone, the angel begins the air in the key of C, thus contrasting the heavenly nature of God's messenger with the earthly nature of the Prophet in a manner as delicate as it is poetical. If religion can be rendered more attractive by the aid of musical expression, this beautiful song may be cited as a case in point. The melody is as simple as the harmony is chaste. At the return of the subject occurs one of those devices of which, as we have already hinted, Elijah contains so many striking examples. We allude to the feint of going into E minor, which, after twice recurring, is finally abandoned for the resumption of the original key of C. Nothing can be more apparently artless; yet it is one of those subtle touches by means of which the composer often raises an unobtrusive thought into an ideal beauty. It is worth while mentioning here that Mendelssohn, thinking there would be too much music of a sweet and tuneful character in this part of the oratorio, contemplated the omission of "O rest in the Lord," as

\* This song seems to be built on a plan similar to that of "O Lord God have mercy," in St. Paul, just as the chorus, "Woe to him, he shall perish," is designed much after the manner of "Stone him to death," in the same oratorio. But here resemblance ceases, and the great superiority of the two pieces in Elijah must be manifest.

† This trio was an afterthought, and a most felicitous one. The words, "Lift thine eyes to the mountain," were originally set to a duet for soprano and contralto, which was sung by the (then) Misses Williams, when the oratorio was first produced in the Birmingham Festival, in 1846. The alteration is one of the most important of the many which Mendelssohn effected in Elijah. In the interval between the Festival and his visit to London the following spring, the addition of the chorus, "Woe to him," which now completes the scene of Jezebel and the people, is another change of great significance.

‡ It cannot be too earnestly or too often suggested, that, if "encores" must be tolerated in performances of sacred music, the demand for repetition should in this instance be withheld until the termination of the chorus, without which the effect of the whole is spoiled and the composer's intentions frustrated. The trio and chorus might thus be gone through again without a break, and the author's design unimpaired.

THE MESSIAH.

No. 1.

OVERTURE.

GRAVE. *2nd time p*

*f*

Met.  $\text{J} = 60.$

ALLEGRO  
MODERATO.

$\text{J} = 116.$

8-



## No. 2.

## COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE.

Isaiah xl. v. 1, 2, 3.

*RECIT.*  
Accompanist.  
LARGHETTO  
PIANO.  
 $\text{J} = 80.$

The musical score consists of six staves of music for piano and voice. The top staff shows a steady eighth-note bass line with a treble line above it. The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (p) and includes lyrics: 'Comfort ye, Com - - - - fort ye,... my people,' followed by a piano dynamic (pf). The third staff continues the piano line with lyrics: 'Com - - fort ye, Com - - - fort ye my peo - ple,' and ends with a piano dynamic (pf). The fourth staff begins with a vocal dynamic (ad lib.) and a piano dynamic (Tempo p). The fifth staff starts with a piano dynamic (Tempo p) and includes lyrics: 'saith your God, saith your God speak ye' followed by a piano dynamic (p Semp'e staccato). The bottom staff concludes the piece with lyrics: 'com-fort-a-bly to Je - ru - salem, speak ye com-fort-a-bly to Je - ru - salem, and' and ends with a piano dynamic (8va).

6

cry un - to her that her war - - fare, her war - - fare is ac-

p

Sva.

- complished, that her i - ni - qui-ty is pardon'd, that her i - ni - qui-ty is par -

tr

- don'd.

The voice of

Sva.

him that eri - eth in the wil - der - ness, "Pre - pare ye the way of the

Lord, make straight in the de - sert a high-way for our God."

Segue Aria

Sva.

superfluous, but was dissuaded by a friend from carrying his design into effect. To this judicious friend the musical world owes a debt of gratitude, and Mendelssohn himself is in some measure beholden. A chorus (in F major), "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," in which redemption is promised to all who suffer without repining, follows next. Here the theme, measured and stately, is treated with a profundity that, while the strict fugal form is almost everywhere avoided in *Elijah*, shows the command possessed by Mendelssohn over that branch of musical art of which fugue is the most elaborate manifestation.

The wish of Elijah's heart is now about to be fulfilled. His journey to Mount Horeb accomplished, his soul yearns for the presence of his God. Night falling, his desire to behold the Deity is expressed in a highly suggestive recitative. The angel replies in another—"Arise, now, get thee without," bidding Elijah ascend the mount. Elijah obeys, and, covering his face, awaits with intense longing, the achievement of the promised miracle.

The chorus in E minor, which embodies the miracle of the Lord's apparition—"Behold! God the Lord passed by"—must be regarded as the culminating point of the second, as "Thanks be to God" of the first, part of the oratorio. It is what the German aesthetic critics would call a programme chorus, being divided into four *tableaux*—the first three representing natural phenomena, the fourth the accomplishment of the Prophet's wish. Elijah, having covered his face, in anticipation of the Divine presence, God passes by, and "a mighty wind" rends the mountain—but the Lord is not in the tempest. Again God passes by, the sea is upheaved, and an earthquake shakes the land—but the Lord is not in the earthquake. After the earthquake a fire—but the Lord is not in the fire. After the fire "a still small voice"—and in that still voice is the Lord God Almighty, the Seraphim singing His praises from above. The music which illustrates this most impressive scene is unsurpassed. The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire, are suggested with equal felicity by different treatments of the same subject. The composer rises with his theme—the earthquake being painted in more terrible colors than the tempest, and the fire than the earthquake. The sentence, "And yet the Lord was not in the fire," is elaborated with marvellous effect, until the tumult dies away, and a transition into the major key leads to a phrase in which the presence of Godhead is announced in strains of soothing and enchanting melody—"And after the fire there came a still small voice, and in that still voice onward came the Lord." The orchestral accompaniments are here of that delicate nature most appropriate to the subject. The quartet and chorus (in C major)—"Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord"—at once a simpler, more sublime, and more impressive musical embodiment of the "Sanctus" than can be cited in any of the Roman Catholic church music—nobly terminates this section of *Elijah*, which presents nothing more worthy of admiration than the power with which a new interest is created for every fresh incident.

The climax approaches. Elijah, who has accomplished his mission of energy and of suffering, of action and of passion, is now, like Enoch, too pure for earth. Angels console him with the assurance that there are yet seven thousand in Israel "who have not bowed down to Baal." The Prophet offers up thanksgivings, while the faithful extol his prophecies and denunciations. At length "Elijah was not, for God took him." He is snatched away to heaven in a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire.

The musical illustration of the above commences with one of the finest choral recitations—"Go, return upon thy way." Elijah responds in another—"I go on my way in the strength of the Lord," which is followed by an air (in F), "For the mountains depart" \*—a melody of sweet and tranquil beauty, accompanied exclusively by stringed instruments, and oboe *obligato*. Elijah utters his last sentence in this song, which appropriately reflects the serenity of mind with which the Prophet now contemplates the end of all things. The translation is presented in a chorus (in F minor), "Then did Elijah the Prophet break forth like a fire." The first part is sombre and mysterious; the second, "And when the Lord would take him away to heaven," magnificently describes the ascent in the whirlwind. The startling transition with which this sets out, and the progressions of harmony through which the chorus is brought to a termination in the key of the dominant major, are

among the most remarkable points in the oratorio. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, the genius of Mendelssohn shows itself equal to the loftiest attempts—the poetical conception being as grand as the musical treatment is masterly.

The rest is didactic—including reflections on what has preceded, apostrophe to the power and glory of God, words of consolation to believers, prophetic allusions, and exhortations to continue steadfast. It has been suggested that with the translation of Elijah, the oratorio should have come to an end. We cannot share this opinion, since the history of the Prophet's life, his toil, his self-denial, his perseverance, his miracles, and his reward, may be presumed to have left impressions and superinduced results that ought properly to be included in the general design. What follows, moreover, is as brief as it is interesting. The tenor air (in A flat), "Then shall the righteous shine forth" is a worthy pendant to "If with all your hearts." Obadiah who had previously admonished the people to love the true God, now exults in the triumph of that faith which has been inculcated by the example of Elijah. The sentiment of devotion is expressed with vivid intensity in this song, which yields in beauty to none of its predecessors, and is remarkable for the grace of the orchestral accompaniments, where richness of coloring is attained by means that, at first sight, seem inadequate, but which genius finds ample. The employment of trombones, piano, to strengthen the passages of modulation, cannot escape observation—to say nothing of other points of equal refinement. We would not willingly lose such a genuine inspiration to satisfy any theorists even if it were superfluous to the plan—which is not the case. A recitative, "Behold, God hath sent Elijah the prophet," conducts to a chorus in D—"But the Lord from the north has raised one." This ends with a brilliant movement, "Behold my servant and mine elect," which, besides evincing much of the vigor of Handel, contains one passage, "On him the spirit of God shall rest," bearing a strong affinity to an episode in "The people shall hear," the most wonderful of all the choruses of *Israel in Egypt*.\* The unison passage commencing on the words, "The spirit of wisdom and understanding," combines grandeur with simplicity, and brings the chorus to an end with striking effect. The next piece, a quartet (in B flat), "O come, every one that thirsteth," may almost be regarded as sister to the double quartet, "For He shall give His angels charge," in the melodiously flowing character of which it largely participates. As an example of pure vocal part-writing, this may be compared with any of the three quartets in Mozart's immortal *Requiem*. It serves admirably to separate the choruses that immediately precede and follow it, offering a strongly defined contrast which relieves the one while it prepares the way for the other. The final chorus, consisting of two parts—a majestic prelude (in D minor), "Then shall your light break forth," and a masterly fugued movement, "Lord, our Creator" (in D major)—is noticeable for containing almost the only example of the severe style in the whole of *Elijah*. It has other claims to admiration, however, besides its excellence as a piece of scholastic; and indeed, if that were not the case, it would hardly merit the place assigned to it in such a work.

Much more might be written of *Elijah*, but is comprised in the foregoing, but perhaps enough has been said for the purpose in hand, which is mainly by a detailed analysis of its design to elicit attention to its beauties, and by pointing out the relation between the music and the words of every piece, to make those beauties more easily understood and appreciated. *Elijah* is not only the masterpiece of its composer, but one of the monuments of musical art. What at first must strike all who are familiar with the great works of Handel and others, is its entire originality. It has the dramatic coloring at which Handel aimed in several of his works, added to a dramatic completeness that few of the latter can boast. While piece after piece may be omitted from almost any of Handel's oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel* excepted—not a bar from *Elijah* can be spared. *Elijah* is a single effort, perfect in all its parts, and as a whole majestic and beautiful. It is, moreover, thoroughly human, treating of the sufferings, the indomitable resolution and unwavering faith of a man full of sympathy for the good, strong in sincerity, great in aspiration, meek of heart, pure of manners, and god-like in mein—but still a very man. It is a sacred drama, as real and absorbing as one of Shakespeare's plays. The composer himself put the materials into shape; and this is only one proof among many that Mendelssohn has given of an essentially dramatic talent which, had he been spared, might have done for opera what *Elijah* has done for

\* These reminiscences are so rare in *Elijah*, that when they come the hearer is disposed rather to welcome than call them in question.

oratorio. The ways of heaven are inscrutable, and it is not for us to complain. Mendelssohn was snatched away in the prime of life, but not till he had accomplished a labor that will render his name and memory imperishable. As an effort of art, and as an inspiration of genius, *Elijah* is entitled to a place by the side of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*. Whether it should stand first, second, or third, in this great fellowship of Masterpieces, it is as well not to inquire. Better to look upon it as inseparable from the Handelian monuments, thus helping to continue a glorious Art-Trinity.

## Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 31.—Musical matters are rather dull in our city, this winter; but the CECILIA SOCIETY, in spite of the times, manage to get along pretty well, although their chorus is not always as complete and their audience not as large, as in former years. They are now in their sixth season and the concerts this winter have been in rather quicker succession, than usual. Last winter they bought a Steinway grand Piano, which is now almost entirely paid for, and thus they are going on, with perseverance and energy, and set a good example to many other musical societies, who have many more wealthy members and perhaps as much or more musical talent among them, than this one, and still are not doing half as much for art and their own cultivation.

The general experience in western cities is, I suppose, that new musical societies, when first started, are quite flourishing for a year or two, but as soon as the novelty wears off, they are flagging and kept alive only by very persevering efforts, such as we see rarely made by Americans, I am sorry to say, but often by our German citizens, who go into musical pursuits not for the sake of novelty or mere amusement or show, but for the real, genuine love of Music. The Germans are decidedly the musical pioneers of the West.

The Cecilia Society had as principal attraction for their third concert "Comala" by Gade, a truly beautiful composition, which grows in favor, the oftener it is heard; and in their fourth concert, which took place yesterday, they gave for the first time extracts from "the first Walpurgis-Night," by Mendelssohn, the whole of which they are rehearsing now, and besides, many other interesting compositions, as you will see by the enclosed programme:

1. Chorus "Ave Verum,".....	Mozart
2. Andante with Variations for two Pianos .. Schumann	
3. Arias for Tenor, a Druid, and Chorus of Druids and People, from the first "Walpurgis Night," poem by Goethe.....	Mendelssohn
4. Song for Soprano, "New Year's Day,".....	
5. "Breaks winter's chain,".....	
6. "The bud and bloom are springing," &c.	
4. Song for Soprano, "Serenade".....	Schubert
5. Fantasy on "Don Giovanni," for Piano.....	Thalberg
6. Chorus from "Walpurgis Night,".....	Mendelssohn
"Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,".....	
"Secure the passes round the glen,".....	
7. "In silence there protect them," &c.	
7. Chorus from "Erlking's Daughter,".....	Gade
"Morning Dawn,".....	
8. Two songs for Soprano	
1. Welcome .....	Curschmann
2. Spinning Song .....	Stegmayer
9. Tarantella for two Pianos .....	Bauer
10. Chorus with Solo : "Gipsy's Life,".....	Schumann

Many of our musicians are gone to the war, and it is difficult to get up an orchestra now-a-days, but still we had a pretty good one the other day in a concert arranged by Mr. Andres,—a small army, but, I suppose, better drilled, than our grand ones.

We are promised shortly some new German Operas by the "Maennerchor," in which it is reported Mad. Fabbri will assist.

X.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29.—At the Germania rehearsal of last Saturday, I heard Chopin's "Marche Funèbre" as arranged for Orchestra. The music of this "poet of the piano" is so peculiarly piano music as to be almost incapable of effective adaptation for any other instruments.

The author of this arrangement (it was not the

\* Although there is nothing else in common, except the oboe and the key of F, the above may recall the last movement of Florestan's air in the second act of *Fidelio*—if only on account of these coincidences. Mendelssohn was a long time uncertain whether he should add the oboe part or limit the score to the string quartet. There can hardly be a doubt of the wisdom of his ultimate decision.

one by Berlioz) evinces an appreciative acquaintance with all the nice points of the beautiful composition I speak of, and has proved it translatable. In the first and last parts of the "Marche," the bassoons have the burden; in the middle, or elegiac, portion the melody is given first to the clarinet and then to the first violins.

The following programme is that of a concert given last evening at the Musical Fund Hall, by Master I. RICE, eleven years old.

PART I.

1. Piano Luet—	"Coronation March from The Prophet."	Wolff
Master I. Rice and Carl Wolfsohn.		
2. Aria—	"Niobe."	Pacini
	Madame Bertha Johannsen.	
3. Piano Solo—	"Rondo."	Hummel
Master I. Rice.		
4. Aria—	"Lucretia Borgia."	Donizetti
Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.		
5. Violoncello Solo—	"Aria final de Lucia."	Servais
Mr. Charles Schmitz.		
6. Piano Solo—	"La Source."	Blumenthal
Master I. Rice.		
PART II.		
1. Violin Solo—	"Solo du Concert."	Sainton
Mr. Simon Haaser.		
2. Song with Violoncello Obligato,—	"The Alpine Horn."	Proch
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Charles Schmitz.		
3. Piano Solo—	"Wellenspiel."	Spindler
Master I. Rice.		
4. Song—	"Bird Song."	Sattler
Mad. Bertha Johannsen.		
5. Piano Solo—	"Fantasie de Concert, La Traviata."	Wolfsohn
Mr. Carl Wolfsohn.		
6. Duo—	"La ci darem la mano—Don Giovanni."	Mozart
Mad. Bertha Johannsen and Mr. Adolph Birgfeld.		

Young Rice is a pupil and protégé of CARL WOLFSOHN. He played with confidence, precision and good taste. The proficiency he has already acquired gives promise of future excellence.

Schmitz played with feeling and wonderful neatness of execution. Wolfsohn played in his usual fine style. They were both rapturously applauded.

The success that attended young Rice's *début* must have been encouraging to the teacher, as well as to the pupil, and pleasing to the artists who so kindly assisted the debutant.

CHANTERELLE.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 25th, 1861.—Our Philharmonic Society, gave their fourth Concert, of this season, on Thursday evening, to a crowded house as usual. Queerly enough, notwithstanding the universal and too earnest cry of hard times, and entire want of money, it appears as though places of amusement were never better patronized than they are this winter. It can only be accounted for, by presuming that men in business are so harassed and annoyed during the day, that they find more need of amusement, to drive care away and make them forget for a time that they are creatures subject to trials and troubles. Be it as it may, our concerts are literally jammed, several hundred being refused admittance last evening. One noticeable feature which attracts the attention of strangers, one which you quiet people in Athens are entirely unaccustomed to, is the pains which the ladies take to dress in such a manner as to make known their Union or "Secesh" principles, and at the same time to be fashionably attired. Red skirts white waists and red bonnets, white trimmings, white handkerchiefs, red borders, red and white rosettes, &c.

But I am wandering from the concert, which had this fine programme :

PART I.		
1. Overture—	"Der Wasserträger," (the Water-Carrier)	
	Cherubini	
2. Vintage Chorus—from "Dinorah."	.....	Meyerbeer
3. Cavatina—	"O Madre del Cielo," from "I Lombardi." Verdi	
4. Scherzo—from "First Symphony."	.....	Beethoven
5. Sextette—"Words of Sacrilege" from "Il Polluto." Donizetti		
PART II.		
1. Overture—	"Maelusina."	F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy
2. Chorus—	"Crucifixus."	.....
3. Violin Solo—	"Homage to Rubini."	Lotti
4. Finale—from "Second Symphony."	.....	J. Arrot
5. March and Chorus—from "Tannhäuser."	R. Wagner	

The best thing here is the *Melusina* Overture from Mendelssohn. I confess to a great weakness for all of his music, above all other writers for orchestra — so beautifully does he work up his themes, here and there passages continually coming in which always startle and delight, never expected, yet always welcome — such exquisite modulations, so smooth and

flowing, wandering from one key to another till the hearer, entangled in the labyrinth and maze of harmony, loses himself and only wonders how he will return, when—by some ingenious combination, presto, here you are again preparing for still another flight into the before unexplored realms of harmony. He makes wonderful effect; unequalled in the use of the wind instruments. His instrumentation in the "Walpurgis Night," recently performed here, could hardly be excelled. In all of his compositions, he displays a depth of thought, a genius, research and study, with a complete understanding of the effects producible by the various instruments, surpassed by none.

The soloists on this occasion were Miss TOURNEY, who did herself great credit by her rendering of the Cavatina, not a selection to my taste in every respect however, nor one calculated to display her abilities to the best advantage, and Mr. EMILL KARST, who executed his violin solo in an admirable manner. Could Mr. Karst infuse a little more vigor and power into his performance, he would produce a better effect; it only lacks *that*, as his intonation and execution are perfect. The instrumentation to this solo is beautifully worked up.

The Society give a grand ball Thursday evening, Feb. 6th, for the benefit of their excellent Librarian, Mr. KUHE.

This gentleman devotes his whole time to the interests of the Society, as you can conceive when I state that for the second concert he copied 2000 pages of music, for the third 1200, and 700 for the last with a prospect of 1600 for the next. This is rendered necessary, as there is a chorus of about 100, and 30 in the Orchestra. To transcribe the whole of one act of *Don Giovanni* for so many is a job to make even the ablest copyist stand aghast.

We have been treated to numerous minor concerts, well attended; and ROBERT HELLER has been delighting large audiences nightly with his excellent performances on the piano as well as by his extraordinary feats of legerdemain.

PRESTO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Commencement of Handel's "Messiah."

Concerts.

MENDELSSOHN'S "HYMN OF PRAISE" was given on Thursday evening of last week, in the Old South Church, by a combination of choirs, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, the accomplished organist of the church. The venerable old place, full of Revolutionary memories — which better than any other church in our city answers to the countryman's idea of "Boston meeting-house," looked really gay and cheery that night, what with clean paint, abundance of light, and multitudes of music-loving people—all invited guests—who filled pews and aisles and double tier of galleries. Of course the "Hymn of Praise" without an orchestra loses much; especially the introductory Symphony, a long instrumental work of several movements, which was represented by a four-hand arrangement for the organ, in playing which Mr. LANG was assisted by Mr. J. C. D. PARKER. It was played well, but for want of other instruments, violins especially, proved tame and tedious. The choruses were all remarkably well sung by the small but effective choir of four voices on a part, and the accompaniments were very skillfully suggested—to say the least—by Mr. Lang's combinations of the organ stops, and such treatment in whole and in detail as showed thorough study of the music. There was some excellent solo singing too; especially in the favorite soprano duet (with chorus): "I waited for the Lord," and the tenor passage preceding the

glorious chorus: "The night is departing." The soloists stepped from the ranks of the choir as needed, and were not named upon the programme.

Before the "Hymn" a short miscellaneous First Part was given, consisting of a Festival Fantasia for Organ on Haydn's "The heaven's are telling," by Koehler, finely played by Mr. Lang, but not very interesting in itself; of a sacred bass song, given with good voice and dignity of style by Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE, with a harmonized chant for a conclusion; and finally the Andante from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony upon the organ. This last was a mistake; however ingeniously done, the organ makes this noble piece sound trivial; accent of course is wanting, and the organ caricatures staccato effects unpleasantly, to use the mildest term. But as a whole, it was a very pleasant occasion; and the efforts of the organist and his co-operators have no doubt the hearty thanks of all who were present.

SECOND PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The storm seemed to keep back only the "country members" of Mr. ZERRAHN's audience, last Saturday night. Beethoven's C minor Symphony is music, hearing which the soul feels its power to ride triumphantly above story and conflict. Its wonderful magnetic power was felt again that evening, although the orchestra was reduced to a war footing and not so nearly perfect as in some past years. It was played with spirit and clearness, especially the two first movements. Preponderance of brass tone, too loud and coarse in quality, is the chief thing to be avoided. Can it not be subdued, by not taking the *f* marks too literally at their word? It was done in the old "Germania" orchestra, and quite successfully; their proportion of strings was even smaller than we now have, yet their trombones and trumpets blended in musically with the rest. In the other two orchestral selections we do not think that Mr. Zerrahn was very happy. Wagner's "Faust" overture, *quod music*, seems to us full of uncouthnesses; commencing with a monstrous grotesque sort of ophieleid tone, more suited to a Carnival than a concert room; fragmentary and spasmodic to a degree that breaks up all artistic continuity and defeats the hope of progress; full of spurts and ejaculations, that are like "sound and fury signifying nothing," and interesting chiefly for certain bold and novel effects of instrumentation. *Quod poetry*, it is a very coarse interpretation of the "Faust" of Goethe, affecting the mind somewhat like a certain muscular American tragedian's Hamlet. We doubt whether "Faust" be available for musical translation at all; and if so, whether Wagner is the man for it. The orchestra certainly displayed some collective virtuosity in executing it.—Schindelmeisser's "Uriel Acosta" overture likewise is disfigured by the "ram's horn" motive, in allusion to the Jewish synagogue, which is so unmusically prominent at the beginning and towards the end. Otherwise it is a fluent, rich and stirring overture, properly suggesting comparison with works of Marschner or Lindpainter, but not by any means, as some have hinted, with a work of genius like the *Freysschütz*.

The young pianist, Miss MARY FAY, showed remarkable execution, clear, brilliant, tasteful, in the performance of her two pieces. The Mendelssohn Capriccio in B, which is almost a Concerto, with orchestra, was finely played, as it was finely chosen. Some of the left hand passages, however, were not quite telling enough. Thalberg's variations on the Barcarole from *L'Elisir d'Amore* were indeed splendidly executed. But it was senseless glitter, quite unworthy of a Philharmonic concert, that little piece with which the young lady responded to the encore.

Mr. EICHBERG is one of the best, perhaps the best, violinist that has ever resided among us, as well as a sound musician and a clever composer. His Concerto, of one movement only, was musician-like, sweet, flowing, popular in character, with some orig-

inal effects, and afforded an excellent chance to show his mastery of his instrument, as well as of the orchestral resources. It won him much applause.

**ORCHESTRAL UNION.** — The second Afternoon Concert, on Wednesday, drew a crowded hall. The Symphony was one of Mozart's in D; the Overture, Auber's to "Le Serment." The Duet from "Tell" (arranged); Flute Fantasia, by Mr. GOERING; a Horn solo (same as last week) by Mr. HAMANN; a Strauss Waltz and a Lumbye Galop filled out the entertainment.

#### Music in Prospect.

Another ORGAN CONCERT will be given by Mr. JOHN K. PAINE this evening at the Tremont Temple. This is welcome news to all who were present when he played before, and to many who were not. It will be purely an *Organ Concert*, trusting to its own unique attraction, and appealing to just those who wish to hear and know great organ music. Sebastian Bach will form the substance of the programme, of whose works Mr. P. will play, for the first time, a Prelude and Fugue in G; first movement of a Trio Sonata in G; a Variation on the Choral: "By the waters of Babylon," and the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; and he will repeat, by request, the Choral Variation and the *Toccata*, which he played before. For his own compositions the young organist reserves only a little margin at the end, when by his Concert Variations on "Old Hundred" and on the "Star-Spangled Banner," he will show us how well he has learned the art of polyphonic writing from his great model.

Mr. ZERRAHN in his next concert will be assisted by Miss ABBY FAY, the singer, her first appearance here since her return from Europe. The orchestral pieces will be Beethoven's 7th Symphony, the Overtures to "Freyschütz" and to "Tell," and Beethoven's "Turkish March" from his music to the "Ruins of Athens," which, when it shall have been once heard, will be demanded always.

The Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," as well as the "Dettingen Te Deum." There is victory in both—which is what is chiefly wanted in these times.

GOTTSCHALK, the pianist, one of the most remarkable living, no doubt, in the free fantasia style, and whose own peculiar vein of fancy is very taking to many ears, has returned, after a long absence, to this country, and will commence a series of concerts at Niblo's saloon in New York next Tuesday evening. In the course of the month following he will probably revisit Boston, and his coming will no doubt be welcomed.

#### Paintings.

The ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, in the Studio Building, is in every way worthy of attention. The room itself is most attractive, constructed as it is expressly to show pictures, and giving them the best light. Boston may really be proud that her artists, few in number, can out of their own resources furnish so select and beautiful a feast for eye and soul. The collection is small, but few large collections, hereabouts, have contained so much that is good. Mr. WILLIAM HUNT alone is a host, contributing some dozen of his finest works—portraits, that may stand beside the great old masters, and bits of nature lifted to the ideal by imaginative treatment, depth and transparency of color and of shadow, pervading atmosphere, and a poetic feeling which cannot stray away from truth. AMES and YOUNG send excellent portraits. A couple of landscapes by INNES are lovely as Nature's self; and GAY gives us one of his exquisitely quiet, sincere beach views—a tranquil scene reflected in a tranquil spirit. HEADE has remarkably rich seashore, meadow, sunset views; GERRY, a grand picture of the gorge by which the

Rhone pours itself into the lake of Geneva; CHAMNEY, fresh and tender recollections of North Conway meadows; ORDWAY, GRIGGS, FROST, &c., very pleasing little landscapes. HAMILTON WILD's "La Belle Dame sans merci," market scene in Seville, &c., are rich in color and full of character. Beautiful children's heads in crayon by ROWSE, by the lamented CHENEY, and by his neice, Miss CHENEY, are not among the least attractions. But we have not space even to mention all that is worthy of mention, and will only add that Dr. RIMMER's statue of the "Dying Gladiator," so wonderfully true anatomically, so all alive in every point, where death is not supposed to have set in, stands in the middle of the room.

The "Jarves Collection" of works of the Old Masters, at Williams & Everett's, is also an opportunity not to be omitted without loss. It seems truly like a piece of one of the old European galleries cut out and brought here; one steps in and forgets that he is in Boston.

#### Musical Intelligence.

Operatic reports came in from various quarters; but in every case it is the same short story: *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Mantha*, *Il Barbier*, one or more of them, sung by Misses Kellogg and Hinkley, Brignoli, Susini, and the rest of manager Grau's troupe. In the last two weeks they have performed in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, &c., and they have an eye again on Boston.

In Providence, R. I. they have had a short "season" from another company of which a correspondent writes us:

"The troupe was an entirely new one, and embraced the following artists; Signorina (!) EMILIA BOUGHTON, *Prima Donna*, Signor (!) E. C. BOUGHTON, *Primo Tenore*, Signor VINCENZO MORRINA, *Baritone*, and Herr WILHELM MUELLER, *Basso*. It also called to the aid of the above, an efficient chorus and a very fine orchestra, led by Senor NUNO, and having EDWARD HOFFMANN for pianist. The initial performance took place on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22; the opera chosen for this occasion was *La Traviata*, Signorina Boughton sustaining her part in a manner wholly creditable to herself and completely satisfactory to the audience. The other parts were sustained equally well by the respective artists. On Friday evening *La Traviata* was repeated and was a complete success.

"On Monday evening we were favored with the standard opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Miss Boughton sustaining the part of Lucy Ashton in a style inferior to none we have ever seen in that difficult rôle. (!) Signor Boughton acted Edgardo in a very pleasing manner, his voice being well adapted to this part."

**NEW YORK.** — The Philharmonic Concert, at Irving Hall, last Saturday night, was crowded in spite of the snow-storm. The programme was this:

PART I.	
1. Symphony, No. 4, in E minor (op. 120). . . . .	R. Schumann
Introduction, Allegro, Romance, Scherzo and Finale.	
Aria from the Oratorio of Elijah "It is Enough," Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	
Signor Ridolfi.	
Concerto No. 3, in C minor (op. 37), for Piano and Orchestra, (first movement) . . . . .	Beethoven
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.	
PART II.	
Serenade, No. 2, in A (op. 16, first time) . . . . .	J. Brahms
1. Allegro moderato,   3. Adagio,	
2. Scherzo . . . . .	Quasi Minuetto.
5. Rondo, Allegro.	
Aria from I Puritani, "Ah per sempre," . . . . .	Bellini
Signor Ridolfi.	
Polonaise in E, for Piano, (first time) . . . . .	F. Liszt
Mr. Ernst Hartmann.	
"La Solitude," Nocturne for the French horn (first time) . . . . .	Theo. Eisford
Composed for and performed by Mr. Henry Schmitz.	
Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" in D. C. M. von Weber	
The first of Messrs. MILLS and MOLLENHAUER'S Classical Soirées was given Monday, at Dodworth's Saloon. Quartet—Beethoven; Solo piano—Chopin,	

(Mills); Sonata—Gade; Solo Violoncello,—Romberg; Grand Quintet—Schumann.

Mozart's birthday was celebrated on Monday by the Mozart Männer-chor, assisted by delegations from twenty-six other German musical societies. Overture to *Don Juan*, addresses, songs, part-songs, ladies, grand ball, &c., &c.

The third Soirée of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS had for programme the following:

1. Quintet for Piano, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon, in E flat.	Messrs. Mason, Ohlmann, Goepel, Gewalt and Elz.
2. Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, in A major, opus 69.	W. Mason and F. Bergner.
Beethoven—3 Fantasie for Piano and violin in C major, opus 159.	W. Mason and Theodore Thomas.
Schubert—4 Quartet, in C minor, No. 4, opus 18.	Messrs. Thomas, Moenthal Matzka, and Bergner.
Beethoven.	

MAX MARETZKE, and Mme. D' ANGRI, the contralto, have arrived from Mexico, and are expected to co-operate with Mr. Grau's company.

**BROOKLYN.** — *Der Freyschütz* was given before a crowded house at the Academy of Music—a German performance we presume—Mr. CARL PROX being conductor.—Mr. JEROME HOPKINS is giving concerts.

**PHILADELPHIA.** — Seuz's Germania Orchestra had this for their last afternoon programme:

1. Overture—Lestocq . . . . .	Auber
2. Song of the Ninth Regiment . . . . .	Lortzing
3. Waltz—Magic Sounds . . . . .	Wittman
4. March Funbre (1st time) . . . . .	Chopin
5. Overture—Le Carnaval Romain . . . . .	Berlioz
6. Vivace non troppo, 2d part of Scottish Symphonies . . . . .	Mendelssohn
7. Grand Finale—Attila . . . . .	Verdi
8. Galop—Tourbillon . . . . .	Lanner

#### Music Abroad.

**VIENNA.** — The third Philharmonic concert offered a new symphony, in C major, by Johann Herbeck, Schumann's "Manfred" overture, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* makes some significant remarks about Herbeck's Symphony:

"Since Beethoven, the essentially *symphonic* quality, the interpenetration and individualization of all the voices by means of the leading themes, has more and more degenerated. Schubert, already in his charming work in C major, instead of pyramidal development and culmination, presents broad spreading surfaces, yet full of poesy and grace, which saves it. Mendelssohn overstepped in various ways upon the *lyrical* domain, but his deep feeling and the earnestness of his artistic conception saved him from triviality and empty dealing with mere form. Schumann, too, departed in many ways from the fundamental conditions of the symphonic style, but made up for it by rich fancy, by verve and significant harmonic life. Of Berlioz, &c., we will be silent; this line degenerated into programme music. Now Herbeck seems to want to hold the middle course between "music of the future" and the productions of our lyricists. He belongs not to the composers of the Future in so far as he scorns to supply by a "programme" what his music does not achieve for itself. But he stands with one foot already on that fatal threshold, in so far as he neglects those conditions, which have been recognized by the classicists, and even by the lyricists, as essential for the Symphony; the steadily consequent development, the pregnancy of leading thoughts, the fullness of musical contents, all derived and shaped from the themes in the course of the movement. In his themes he "starts nothing," so to speak; he "makes nothing of them;" it all resembles rather a mosaic work. And how does he atone for this still more striking defect? By poesy, soul, charming fancy, new material, fresh, live pulsations of tone-life? No! a hundred times no! Those, who talk of compensation here, are compensated by effect, effect, effect! Tone-colors, roar of brass, startling coups—such plainly is the end, and such the means, by which Herbeck hopes to interest and to conquer. To this end the orchestra is reinforced with the un-symphonic harp, with the piccolo and the contra-fagotto; to this tend all his calculations and arrangements; to this he sacrifices all that belongs to the symphony as its unalienable and vital

condition, which Mendelssohn, Schubert and Schumann still respect. Of interesting carrying through of a leading thought, of dramatic plan, which stakes the culminating point of a movement upon the single trump: *the theme, there is no trace.*

"Hence the themes themselves, in the majority of instances, are not at all symphonic, although they often have a good orchestral sound, and often are not without expression. Such decidedly is the theme of the second, the slow movement, for which we might envy the composer, if it occurred anywhere else than in a Symphony, or if the art of the composer had improved it in a true symphonic manner. So too the theme, a bit coquettish, of the third, scherzo-like movement. Both would be capital in an opera, in a melodramatic work, in a music to x, y, or z. As symphony themes they are not well applied, either technically, or as regards expression; what follows stands in no relation to them, and is itself incapable of operating independently as counter theme. Herbeck loses himself in the vague, as soon as he has played out his theme; he shows himself from that time forward only eager to heap effect upon effect kaleidoscopically: but the whole has no effect, because expression and artistic means are utterly split up."

"As to the artistic means themselves, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann appear to have contributed some material to this symphony, but still more R. Wagner and Berlioz; the former in certain harmonic turns and unnaturally impassioned, fondly repeated melodic phrases; the latter in the over ingenious instrumentation, and the screwed up, constrained polyphony," and so on.—Have we not heard orchestral novelties here in Boston, (not written here, thank God!), to which the above criticism would apply?

At the 5th Quartet concert of Hellmesberger and party the interesting feature was the performance of Schubert's Octet for stringed instruments with clarinet, fortepiano and horn. Herr Dachs played Beethoven's Bb Trio, and the concert ended with Mozart's Quintet in Eb.

During the same week Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" were performed at an "academy" of the singing society; and Dreyseck gave his second concert in which he played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto and Weber's *Concert-Stück*—those classical parade pieces of every pianist.

MAYENCE.—At a concert of the Liedertafel on the 18th of December, Gluck's *Aleste* was performed.

LEIPZIG.—At the tenth Gewandhaus concert Mme. Clara Schumann played Mozart's C minor Concerto. The principal novelties were Reinecke's *Salvum fac regem* for male chorus and a concert overture by Jadassohn.—At the fourth Chamber Concert Mme. Schumann played a new work by Brahms: 25 variations, with a fugue, on a theme from Handel.—Sebastian Bach's motet: "The spirit helpeth our infirmities" was sung in the Thomaskirche on the 14th.

A concert for the benefit of the orchestral pension fund consisted of the F minor Symphony (No. 3) of Emanuel Bach; an aria from *Catarina Cornaro*, sung by Fr. Reiss; a Concerto in C for three pianos by J. S. Bach, played by Clara Schumann and Professors Moscheles and Reinecke; a new overture to "Michael Angelo," by Gade; a Rossini cavatina sung by Fr. Reiss; several piano pieces by Schumann and Chopin, played by Mme. Schumann; finally, for the first time, a festival overture upon the "Rheine-wine song" by Schumann. Of the novelties Gade's overture seems to have won the most applause.

WEIMAR.—The senseless example of Gounod's "Meditation" on a prelude of Bach has found an imitator! A certain J. B. Kamm has been shameless enough to publish under the title of "Memorial

to Beethoven," his *Marcia funebre sul morte d'un eroe* with "added independent accessory melodies." "And Germany," says the Vienna *Musik-Zeitung*, "does not shrink from printing such things!"

PRAGUE.—A new opera: "The Love Ring," by Johann Skraup, has been brought out here.

BRUNSWICK.—The first Symphony concert was very successful. Weber's *Oberon* overture, Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Spohr's A major Concerto, played by Herr Blumensieg, Mozart's Concert aria; *O sogni, o desti*, and several songs of Beethoven and Schubert formed the programme.

AIX-LA CHAPELLE.—Three concerts in aid of the orchestra fund have been given under the direction of Herr Wüllner. In the first Beethoven's Fest Overture in C was given; Ferdinand Hiller played Mozart's Bb Concerto; and then followed Hiller's *Loreley* and variations, and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. In the second were performed Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," Goltermann's violoncello Concerto; Mendelssohn's Soprano Hymn; and Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. The third consisted of Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

MUNICH.—For about six months no concerts of any importance were given here, and now they are following each other with unusual rapidity. On the 11th inst., the Musikalische Academie began their Subscription Concerts, in the Royal Odeon, with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, performed in a manner worthy of the reputation already achieved by the members of the orchestra. Of the other pieces in the programme Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, played by Herr Walther, was the most applauded. He was called forward three times. The vocal selection consisted of the grand scene from *Otello*, sung by Miles, Stiehl, Eichheim, and Herr Heinrich; Herr Tombé undertaking the harp accompaniment. There were about 2000 persons present, the King, Queen, and Prince Luitpold being among the number. A few days subsequently Faubel gave a Soirée at the Museum, when the principal feature was Hummel's Quintet in E flat major; M. Mortier de Fontaine attempting the pianoforte part from memory. Shortly afterwards, the Philharmonic Association gave their second Matinée in the Royal Odeon. The most important piece in the programme was Mozart's Pianoforte Quartet in G minor. If report speaks truth, the members of the Musikalische Academie intend giving—in addition to their four Subscription Concerts—a Grand Concert, at which they will perform Herr Franz Lachner's *Sturmgesänge*, which was so successful at the Vocal Festival in Nuremberg. M. Gonnod's *Faust* is to be produced on the 28th inst. in honor of the birthday of his Majesty Maximilian II.

CASSEL.—Some few weeks ago a new Gesangverein was established consisting of ladies and gentlemen, and called after its founder, Herr Heinrich Weidt, formerly music director at court, the Weidt'scher Gesangverein. It has already given a most successful and most numerously attended concert, and, although the admission was gratuitous, a very respectable amount was collected in voluntary contributions at the doors, and handed over to the poor. In addition to Mozart's *David's Penitente*, the programme included two quartets by the lamented Dr. Spohr, and several solo pieces. The choruses went with great precision and purity of intonation, and it was evident they had been rehearsed with extreme care.

MEININGEN.—On the 13th ult. the Salzunger Kirchenchor, which is under the especial patronage of her heir apparent, gave a concert in the church. The programme comprised compositions by Bach, Allegri, Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Prætorius, Jomelli, Mendelssohn and Hauptmann, the whole under the direction of the Cantor, Herr Müller. Mad. Förster sang an air by Handel, and a "Sanctus" by Cherubini.

DARMSTADT.—Schindlemesser's new opera, *Melusine*, is in rehearsal. The members of the Grand Ducal Chapel have commenced their annual series of Subscription Concerts. At the opening concert, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Weber's Jubilee Overture were performed with the precision and spirit for which the Grand Ducal Chapel is celebrated. A young pianist, Herr Martin Wallenstein, from Frankfort, made a favorable impression.

## Special Notices.

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A very pleasing, melodious piece in the Tremolo style, which, like the "Alpinebells" of the same composer, lately issued, will find a large circle of admirers.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

